

# The Times.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II. NO. 16.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 67.

## Conrad De Castro.

THE OATH BOUND,

Mysterious Stranger and Golden Key.

A UNION STORY BY THIRTEEN AUTHORS.

EDITED BY ROB. G. STAPLES.

### CHAPTER I.

BY CAROLINA H. CRISWELL.  
The White Mountains—Scenery—the Stranger—voice from the waterfall—the gift—spirit music.

The road from the sea-coast to the White Mountains in New Hampshire, passes along the head-stream of the Saco, which rises among these mountains and breaks through them at a place called the Notch, a narrow defile, extending two miles in length between two great, perpendicular rocks, apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of Nature. Half of the defile, or rather ravine, is occupied by the road and the other half by the brook mentioned as the head stream of the Saco. This stream in its career, is suddenly lost to the eye, disappearing beneath a mass of rude and rugged rocks piled together in confusion. About half a mile from the entrance of the defile, there falls from the height of 800 feet a foaming cascade of the utmost grandeur and beauty. The water rushes with such force over a series of perpendicular rocks, that it presents to the eye a continual sheet of snowy foam; and when illuminated by the sun, its brightness is so intense that the vision cannot bear it steadily for a minute. It is called Silver Water.

A quarter of a mile beyond this cascade, is a large deep basin formed out of the solid rock, into which leaps a narrow stream from the tops of three precipices, some 200 feet high. The water is of the most perfect purity. This spot is wider than the rest of the ravine, that is, the mountains are farther apart, the space between them being filled with rocks of almost every shape, covered with green and brown moss; wild flowers and herbs of many kinds and pines that seem to grow between the crevices of the rocks. Other trees too, are scattered here and there wherever a bare spot of earth is seen.

In the Autumn of the year 18—, and late in the afternoon, a man on horseback slowly wound his way along the ravine, apparently deeply absorbed in contemplating the magic scenery of Nature in her wildest state. He was somewhere about thirty years of age, his person tall and well-proportioned and his countenance dark, gloomy and mysterious. His hair was perfectly black and fell on his shoulders in long, spiral curls; and his eyes were large dark and brilliant. A thick beard of the same colour as his hair, covered the lower part of his face—his complexion was bronzed by the sun of many climes; yet his whole mien indicated the gentleman and scholar. On his head was placed a black velvet cap, decorated with a single feather, his coat was of purple velvet ornamented with gold buttons, his trousers were of black cloth, and on his polished boots were fastened a pair of gilt spurs. The steed he rode was a noble animal of great spirit, as black and glossy as the breast of the raven, with one white spot in the forehead, a perfect star.

As the stranger rode on, he gazed around him with evident pleasure. He approached the silver cascade, and while suffering his horse to drink from the stream a short distance below it, where the water was comparatively calm, he noted the waving shadows of the forest trees and of the tall evergreens growing on the sides of the mountains—he noted how these shadows played and danced on the silvery waters, at times obscuring the bright rays of the declining sun, which pierced through the glittering leaves of the autumn trees, painting the shining cliffs and the foaming waters with fanciful images of light. He noted, too, the gay and brilliant colours of the forest foliage, which seemed the more bright and beautiful, from the contrast of the deep green of the pines and evergreens.

As his eye ranged to the summit of the cliffs he noted the firs and spruces on their sides to grow less and less in size until at the top they seemed mere bushes mixed with a quantity of dark coloured moss. He saw, too, wide and deep chasms on the sides and summits of the rocks, as if some dreadful earthquake had torn them asunder and hurled them into the valley. Over all a hoary cliff, rising with proud supremacy, frowned awfully on the world below and finished the landscape.

As the stranger sat absorbed in the scene around him, he unconsciously let fall from his hand an ebony wand, which he had hitherto carried. The horse, who had been quietly cropping the herbage and long grass on the brink of the stream, now raising his head and pointing his ears, neighed loudly. The sound echoed through

the mountains, startling every living creature with its thrilling emphasis. Wild goats peered over the tops of the precipices, birds, frightened at the strange noise, flew quickly through the quivering leaves and squirrels ran from their hiding places in the tall grass up the trunks of the high forest trees, and hid themselves amid their thick foliage.

The stranger whom we shall call Conrad, attempted to pick up the fallen wand. To his surprise and dismay he found that it was fastened to the earth by some invisible power. He tried again and again to raise it, but he might as well have attempted to lift one of the embedded rocks around him.

"Lo!" he muttered, "so, I am still persecuted by that relentless spirit. Will I ever be freed from her thrall?" He stood a moment silently regarding the wand at his feet—and a voice from the silver water fell upon his ear sadly and sweet.

"Mortal! murmur not. Yield to thy destiny!"

He turned to the bright cascade. "Spirit!" he cried, "fair Spirit, beautiful Imelda; wilt thou never grant me my freedom?"

Again the sweet voice murmured sadly, "Not now, Conrad; when thy task is accomplished, I will leave thee."

"My task, my task," repeated Conrad impatiently, "it is vain—God only can accomplish it, and thou knowest I am poor."

"I will make thee rich. Go! take up thy wand!"

He obeyed. As he lifted it from the ground, lo! it was no longer a wand of ebony but a golden key that he held. He looked upon it with bewilderment. "Instruct me!" he cried.

"All earthly doors," replied the Spirit, "shall yield to the potent touch of that magic key. While in thy possession no bolts or bars shall stop thy progress where ever thou wouldst go. All earth is free to thee—go! accomplish thy task."

Upon his knees before the waterfall sank Conrad; and raising his hands in supplication, exclaimed—"Imelda! sweet Imelda! thou loved and thou lost one—I have deserved a greater punishment than that I have undergone—but now—grant, oh, grant one boon, ere I go again among mankind. Vouchsafe to appear for one moment in thy pristine form, as beautiful as I once knew thee."

There was no reply. The cascade foamed downward with the same silver radiance and the waters murmured the same monotonous music.

Conrad clasped his hands in mute appeal and tears started from his eyes. At length, as he gazed upon the waterfall, a mist slowly detached itself therefrom and gradually becoming more and more dense, took at last the semblance of a human form. Conrad kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the apparition until it wore the form and lineaments of the peerlessly beautiful Imelda. She stood as if upon air—her dark brown hair hanging in clustering ringlets on her shoulders and around a face of such radiant beauty, that the gazer's eyes fell involuntarily to the earth. When he again raised them, she was gradually fading from his view, a smile of angelic purity and sweetness irradiating her features. Conrad bowed his head upon his hands as he still knelt upon the flinty rock, his frame trembling with emotion. As the Spirit disappeared, she sang with a voice of immortal music, something like this:

"Farewell Conrad! take thy key! Go! and still remember me! Night is coming—like thee home—There I'll meet thee, there I'll come—Though in life thou used me ill, I was faithful to thee still; Dire thy punishment hath been, But someone hath made thee clean. Now thy guardian I will be—Go! and still remember me!"

The stranger raised his head—and again came the silver-voice plaintively repeating—

Farewell Conrad! think of me! And all was still. Conrad rose to his feet and approaching his steed, was about to mount, when a sweet and solemn strain of music, that seemed to issue from behind the waterfall, arrested his attention. It was as if a variety of musical instruments were blended in one. It began like the softest murmurs of the wind harp, and gradually increased in sound till its tones were similar to the full deep notes of the church organ, but far grander and sweeter. Then came a pause—and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—

—a loud and clear voice, which seemed to come from the distance, and then—





# Life Pictures

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
BY FANNY FIELDING.

Author of "Foot-prints of the Past," &c.

## CHAPTER V.

### The Apparition.

No spectre from among the sheeted dead,—no

"Spirit of health or goblin damn'd,"

breathing sweet airs from Heaven or blasts

from Hell, could more have appalled, amaz-

ed, terrified the guilt-stricken Fairchild

than the apparition of Jack Gilbert, stalk-

ing with stately step before him as he en-

tered his office upon that morning, armed,

as his victim knew, not only with Truth

and Right but with the more available

weapons as this world goes,—receipts, ac-

knowledgements, &c. in every requisite

form,—indeed all the appliances necessary

to prove the villainous process of that black

art whereby his benefactor's child had

been robbed, his wealth transferred to his

own coffers and his rightful inheritance sent

forth penniless, friendless,—to lead in his

turn a life of fraud upon a more circum-

scribed scale or else subsist still more spar-

ely it might be, upon the cold charities of

the world.

All these flashed with torturing rapidity

through the lawyer's agonized brain; he

recoiled, indeed, to and fro and staggered

like a drunken man and was at his wit's

end. There were crowds of spectators

present, some strangers, many familiar

loiterers there,—all witnesses to this strange

display, and awaiting anxiously the great

denouement to free their brains from the

bewildering maze of conjecture. Fairchild

was a man rarely betrayed into emotion,—

a non-committal man, on most occasions,—

what now meant the blanched cheek and

fiery eyes and livid lip? The staggering

gait, the choked inaudible sentence, the

air of half-madness?

"Take courage," said Jack Gilbert,

"I will not, unless you force me, hum-

ble you in the presence of these,—you

have your choice,—will you compel me to

sign this or the instrument I will draw

up?"

A clay cold hand fell upon his and a

hazy voice muttered in his ear,—"spare

me this humiliation and write what you

please,—I will sign it."

Gilbert seated himself at the lawyer's

desk,—it was no time to laugh at the

caricature, at any other it would not have

escaped him,—and there, in rude charac-

ters and language, was a full and fair ac-

knowledgement in detail of those circum-

stances connecting Fairchild with the

heir of Richard Armstrong and his pos-

sessions, (the outlines of which had been

given to Jenny Wimple on the previous night)

together with such amendments and ad-

ditions as an old, experienced head with

a good stock of mother-wit might deem ad-

visable.

The document was presented and in

trembling characters Fairchild affixed his

signature. "Why Mr. Fairchild," ex-

claimed a gentleman present—"possible

that one of your profession will give his

signature carte blanche to any man?"

"Jack Gilbert,—he, he, is true;—"

murmured the man piteously and in

broken sentences,—"he,—he,—wont write any-

thing wrong;—anything false,—he,—he,—

—a good man,—and the cowardly

villain turned paler still, if already mar-

ble whiteness might blanch one shade away.

"I did not know the lawyer possessed

so dear and trusty a friend on earth;—"

ironically remarked a man present,—"

I never heard him speak of such an one be-

fore."

"And now gentlemen," said Jack Gil-

bert, "seeing what you have seen,—hear-

ing what you have heard, would ye have

any objection,—some among you,—as

many as please, to signing this here in-

strument of writing, as witnesses to Mr.

Fairchild's signature?"

One remonstrative gesture from Fair-

child, intended for Jack's eyes alone,—

"There's no mention of Jacob Hoskins,

seaman" whispered Jack, and with an as-

piration as of relief,—of thankfulness

ineffable, Fairchild sank again into his

seat and made a gesture to them to come

forward.

"We've no objection old man," com-

menced one of the youngest of the party,

"to do you this favor, but we never sign

our names to any papers we don't read,

you understand?"—but the more experi-

enced, under innate conviction that the

occasion was not one for jesting, and that

he felt as it might, Jack had proved him-

self as of no such glib material as young

Monsieur might suppose set to work, and

so, with an ample list of highly respon-

sible signatures, Jack bore away in triumph

the invaluable trophy inwardly meditating

the deferring of more active measures till

upon his way should dawn that *lucus na-*

tura—an honest lawyer.—A brief con-

ference at a street corner with Bouncer,

and to a certain lodger in Bleeker Street

he presented himself and his case.

Leda's father,—gracious heavens,—how

unfortunate, but—Leda would then be

comparatively poor,—fortunate again.

"I have not yet qualified in my new

profession sir, but shall in the course of a

very few days,—during the session of the

Court which convenes tomorrow,—after

which, if you do not meantime select a

suitable attorney, I will take your case

in hand. \* \* \* \* \* No sir, I

know no such an one as you designate,

and can recommend you to none; no such

lawyer—few such men."

On the morning succeeding the above

transactions there was undisturbed silence,

to a late hour, in the Fairchild house,—

presently, as if the calm had been porten-

tous there was wild rushing to and fro,

and fear and conjecture and wonder.

A livid corpse lay stretched upon his

richly curtained bed, and the agonized

contortions of feature and limb bespoke

a death of awful and intense agony; there

was no mark of violence upon his per-

son, but as to investigate still further this

strange hap, some one approached the

body more curiously, a vial beneath the

pillow, with its label "Poison," solved the

suicidal mystery. Thus, then, had closed

the earthly career of that sin-devoted man!

Thus had his crime-stained spirit rushed

headlong into the presence of its Maker!

—could aught add one jot or tittle to the

horrors of the picture would it not be that

scene where, on the threshold of Eternity,

he confronted the father of the orphan

boy?

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## ELL LIVE IN CAROLINA.

BY PHILANTHROPE.

In Carolina let me live;

To her my little talent give;

From me a prayer she shall receive,

When going to the tomb.

Long may her silken banner wave;

Its folds despise the tyrant's grave,

Her soil be shelter for the brave,

And boast a freeman's home.

England's cities look as fair,

To those who seek protection there,

But to my vision loiterer far

Are Carolina's towers.

Her mountains pierce the ethereal sky;

Her hills and valleys wave with rye,

While her streams go rippling by,

With all their ups and downs.

Her forests kiss the passing breeze;

Her forests sound with busy bees;

While every cottage rings with glee

And songs of Adeline.

Let others dwell in Northern lands,

Or on Arabia's burning sands—

For me, while she'll engage my hands,

I'll live in Carolina.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.

BY J. A. CLAYTON.

I, too, have dreamed from the sky

The moonlight gleam, and starry beam,

Show like the glances from some bright eye,

In peerless majesty, and stainless purity,

I dare not tell thee what it was I dreamed,

I only knew I wished it true

When I awoke,—and yet it here has seemed

It would be real,—and more ideal.

And in our mutual confiding chat

He whispered to my aching heart "Hope ever,"

For he had promised to forget me never.

When midnight throws her mantle o'er the sky,

And not a breeze from out its Northern cave

Comes forth to dash the foaming spray on

high,

And from that eye there gleamed the light

Of innocent and true, and all conscious purity

Of deep and earnest thought, the love of right—

A trustful nature,—trusting in its own security.

It was enough that we had met and sworn to

Wherever we might be, where'er we might

rove,

And then I dreamed an idle dream it ne'er may

be

That the one so dearly lov'd ..... was thee.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## MORTAL THOU MUST DIE.

By Peter Pepper Pod, Esq.

Oh, my soul be up and doing,

Time flies, and thou art slowly dying,

And its echoes sigh in going.

Mortal thou must die—

Thou art dying—prepare to die—

And while you may, improve thy day;

Life's but a sigh!

See, nature all around thee lying,

With every moment that is flying.

In thy ears these notes are crying—

Mortal thou must die—

Thou art dying—prepare to die—

And while you may, improve thy day;

Life's but a sigh!

The sun that dawns the arching sky

Rolls his swift chariot silently.

In every beam speaks from on high—

Mortal thou must die—

Thou art dying—prepare to die—

And while you may, improve thy day;

Life's but a sigh!

And all the twinkling stars that keep

Their watch o'er him, deep rest in sleep,

Seem in their glimmering to repeat—

Mortal thou must die—

Thou art dying—prepare to die—

And while you may, improve thy day;

Life's but a sigh!

Look round thee every flower that blows,

Here, like the blighted withering rose,

Blooms but for a brief space to disclose—

Mortal thou must die—

Thou art dying—prepare to die—

And while you may, improve thy day;

Life's but a sigh!

And every fleeting breath that flows

Out from thy breast laden with woes,

Speaks plainly to thee as it goes—

Mortal thou must die—

Thou art dying—prepare to die—

And while you may, improve thy day;

Life's but a sigh!

Yes; all around, beneath above,

Seem linked in union and in love,

To sound this cry thy heart to move—

Mortal thou must die—

Thou art dying—prepare to die—

And while you may, improve thy day;

Life's but a sigh!

Then hark, my Lord, to live by faith,

And praise Thee with my floating breath,

Until the hour of my death—

And thus living die—

And thus dying, rejoice to die—

Then soar away on pinions gay,

To Thee on high!

## Farm, House and Egg.

FOUR IMPORTANT RULES.—Observe

the following rules closely and a wise man

says you will be more than apt to succeed

in your temporal concerns.

1. A suitable place for everything, and

everything in its place.

2. A proper time for everything, and

everything done in its time.

3. A distinct name for everything, and

everything called by its name.

4. A certain use for everything, and

everything put to its use.

ANAGRAMS.—It is funny to observe

the peculiarity of some of the best anagrams.

We append a few for the benefit of our

juvenile friends:

Astronomers, transposed, is No More Stars.

Elegant " " Neat Legs.

Ignorant " " Tim in a pet.

Matrimony " " Into my arm.

Midshipman " " Mind his wup.

Revolution " " To love ruin.

Telegraph " " Great Help.

HINTS FOR YOUNG GARDENERS.—The

various kinds of plants extract different

substances from the soil; and a well-chosen

rotation of crops is consequently highly

advantageous, and deserves attention.

Leaves absorb moisture from the atmos-

phere, and again part with it; they inhale

and exhale air, and thus constitute the

more important organs of plants.